

visits, twenty-four.

**VISITS TO THE SICK.**—Among those attending, laid upon the bed of languishing, was a lady named Mary, a sister of Mr. Eaton, who lived in Eaton street, wasting away in consumption. In former years I was well acquainted with the family. A lady in the neighborhood, at the request of Miss E. sent me a note stating the situation of her young friend, and my desire to see me. I was deeply sensible of the privilege, and that soon she must pass the review of all the earth. Her Bible was the chief treasure of her soul. Its essential truths she appeared correctly to understand; its spirit as its sweet consolations and support she highly enjoyed, and it was in her a few days before she died to a yet stronger confidence in, a attachment to, divine truth, as oft as I was privileged to witness the conversation of this dying saint. She saw clearly that other doctrines could no man lay claim that laid Christ Jesus, the *anointed of God*, and she knew the chief aim of those who would not believe in Him. A cloud of doubt ever came over her mind to intercept her views of the glorious attributes of the *good Shepherd*. She would often read and request me to read, the 10th chapter of John's Gospel. When she contemplated his precious assurance, "I give unto you (my sheep) eternal life and none shall pluck you from me," she would say, "I have





